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RELATIONS

By GEORGE M. ROSENER



DICK & FITZGERALD, Publishers,
NEW YORK.

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DICK & FITZGERALD, Publishers, 18 Ann Street, N. Y.

RELATIONS

A Vaudeville Sketch

BY

GEORGE M. ROSENER

AUTHOR OF "COAST FOLKS," "SLEEPY HOLLOW," "AN IRISH EDEN,"
"THE FROZEN TRAIL," "THE SHERIFF OF TUCKAHOE," ETC., ETC.

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NEW YORK
DICK & FITZGERALD
18 ANN STREET

RELATIONS.

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CHARACTERS.

BILLIE, *himself*.....Light Comedy
HON. PETER JACKSON, *Billie's Uncle*.....Character Comedy
JIM CLEMENS, *Billie's Brother-in-law*.....Juvenile
DORIS CLEMENS, *Billie's Bride*.....Ingenué

TIME.—The present. LOCALITY.—Rural.

TIME OF PLAYING. About twenty minutes.

NOTE.—This Skit should be played briskly and with snap. The piano and specialty may be omitted, if necessary, without interfering with the action.

COSTUMES.

BILLIE. At first in a sweater; afterwards, plain walking suit. He is very wide-awake in manner, and snappy in speech.

JIM CLEMENS. Traveling suit; afterwards in Western Cowboy disguise.

HON. PETER JACKSON. An elderly man, with clothes in appropriate style. Tall hat.

DORIS. Very neat walking costume; wears a wedding ring.

INCIDENTAL PROPERTIES.

Bottle of brandy and carbonic syphon on sideboard. Shaving-mug and brush with lather; letter and photograph; cigarettes and case; pocket handkerchief; stage-money; black bag containing a lot of lemons, for BILLIE. Watch; two revolvers; cigar and matches; pocket-handkerchief, for JIM. Memorandum book and pencil; handkerchief, for PETER JACKSON. Letter; handkerchief for DORIS.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

As seen by a performer on the stage, facing the audience, R. means right hand; L. left hand; C. center of the stage. D. R. door at right; D. L. door at left; D. C. door in center of rear flat. UP toward rear; DOWN toward the footlights.

RELATIONS.

SCENE.—*Fancy interior. BILLIE'S bachelor home. Couch with pillows down L. Table and two chairs, R. C. Side-board up C. Piano, down R. D. R. to BILLIE'S room. D. L. and D. C. to garden.*

ENTER DORIS D. L. *running.*

DORIS (*calls*). Billie! Oh, Billie!—I wonder where he can be. My! won't he be furious when I tell him I have been on the lake with Mr. Blakely. No, he won't, either. He's so sure of me he wouldn't be jealous about anything. He will be some day, I'll make him. Mama says, "Keep a man guessing." It won't hurt him and Mama should know, if anybody does. She and Papa never had a quarrel in the house since they have been married.

ENTER BILLIE D. C.

BILL. No, there's more room out in the yard.

DORIS. Oh! It's you, is it?

BILL. No, it's me, was it.

DORIS. I suppose that's intended for a joke.

BILL. Yes. Funny isn't it?

DORIS. Yes, very. See, I'm laughing. (*Sarcastically*)
Ha! Ha!

BILL. Don't do it if it hurts you.

DORIS. Oh! You do make me so angry.

BILL. Come, dear. We won't quarrel. We haven't been married long enough for that, you know.

DORIS. That's so, we are married. I had almost forgotten all about it.

BILL. Forgot! Married six months and forgot. In a year's time I suppose you'll never know it happened.

DORIS. Tell the truth now, Billie, it does seem strange. Are you sure it was a real minister who married us?

BILL. Well, he cost enough for the real article. I hope I didn't get stung.

DORIS. Please stop jesting and don't use slang. Oh, dear! When shall we be able to tell folks all about it?

BILL. Soon, dear, soon.

DORIS. Then we will have a brand new house. Just you and me together.

BILL. And the plumber. Don't forget the plumber. They hang around a new house for about a year.

DORIS. What for?

BILL. Because they know their little book. Oh! It's a lead pipe cinch.

DORIS. Don't use slang.

BILL. All right, I'll cut it out.

DORIS. There you go again.

BILL. Excuse me, I must be getting dippy.

DORIS. You're incorrigible.

BILL. I don't know what that means, but I'm it.

DORIS. By the way, Billie, I just got a letter from my brother Jim, who is out in Arizona. The letter has been lying in the Post-office for seven days. Listen to what he says. (*Reads letter*) "Dear Sis. I am coming East. I just shot up ten men and must beat it. See you later.—Jim. P. S. Tell that duck you are going to marry, that I will look him up." (*Speaks*) What do you think about that?

BILL. He just shot up ten men, did he say?

DORIS. Yes.

BILL. He must be a nice sociable chap.

DORIS. He is. You'll like him, I'm sure.

BILL. I'll love him to death, and that's no joke.

DORIS. He would be furious, I know, if he thought we were already married.

BILL. Then we mustn't tell him either.

DORIS. When shall we be able to tell anybody?

BILL. Listen. We can tell the world just as soon as I see my uncle. This is an uncle I never saw. He has charge of the money that was left me by my father. He wrote last week saying he would call upon me and turn over the money, but first he says I must live up to certain conditions in the will. I don't know what these conditions are, so that is the reason I do not care to have any one know we are married, lest he should hear about it and get up in the air. After I get the money, he can go to——

DORIS. Where?

BILL. To the place where ice water costs ten dollars a glass.

DORIS. What shall I tell him if I should suddenly meet him here?

BILL. If he asks who you are, say that you're the cook. Now I'm going to get rid of this sweater and see if I can't look a little bit respectable.

DORIS. I think I'll go home now. I want to see if my pet hen, Tommy, has laid any more eggs. He—she I mean, laid two to-day. Oh, Billie! I want you to try this music for me. I am going to sing this song at the benefit Mrs. Wiggs is giving for the widows and orphans. (BILL goes to piano and plays. DORIS does specialty.)

After specialty ENTER HON. P. JACKSON D. C.

HON. P. Is my nephew, Billie Buttons, about?

BILL (*aside*). Great Scott! My uncle.

[EXIT R. in a hurry.]

HON. P. Who was that?

DORIS. That? Oh, that was the cook. No, I mean the butler.

HON. P. Butler, eh? Who are you?

DORIS. I'm the cook.

HON. P. Oh! You're the cook. What's your name?

DORIS. Annie Cook.

HON. P. Where are you from?

DORIS. Cooksockie, New York.

HON. P. Ann, you have a fine name.

DORIS. I am very fond of it, sir. It's the only thing I have to remember my father by.

HON. P. (*aside*). Witty, by Jove! And not a bad looker either. Annie, you're a mighty fine cook.

DORIS. Sir! (*Her head in the air*). [EXIT D. L.]

HON. P. That is, I should say— That is, I meant to remark—you are—if you was—then maybe not—suddenly so to speak, I saw at once, that now or never—give me liberty or give me death, and— What the devil am I talking about? Look here. Hello! She's gone. Well, I suppose it's for the best, because I certainly am a killer with the ladies. (*Looks about*) And, these are my nephew's apartments. Not at all bad. It's a neat fortune that boy comes into, and before I hand it over I'll try him out and see if he's a man. In the mean time I'll try his brandy and soda. (*Takes drink from sideboard*) Ah! Fine stuff. Now for a smoke in the garden. [EXIT D. C.]

ENTER JIM D. L.

JIM. Hello! No one here. (*Looks about*) Nice place

my intended brother-in-law has. He must have money. I wonder what kind of a chap he is. I hope he's a good fellow. He must be or Doris wouldn't take up with him. I'll wager from my letter to Doris he judges me to be a real bad man. (*Laughs*) And I've got my outfit already to live up to the part. I'm going to give him a trying out. By George! I'm going to find out what kind of stuff he's made of.

ENTER HON. PETER, D. C. *smoking*.

HON. P. (*aside*). That must be my nephew. Well?

JIM. Well?

HON. P. I said "Well?"

JIM. And I said, "Well?"

HON. P. Do you know who I am?

JIM. No.

HON. P. Well, I'm your uncle.

JIM. Quit your kiddin'.

HON. P. Quit my what, sir?

JIM (*aside*). I wonder if I've fallen into a Lunatic Asylum by mistake. (*Puts his thumbs in his ears and wiggles his fingers.*)

HON. P. I hope the boy's not crazy. How often do you get this way?

(JIM dances about and keeps up business.)

HON. P. Say—Say—SAY!

JIM. Take it easy, Old Man. Your keepers will be here in a minute.

HON. P. See here, I want to speak to you.

JIM (*stops business for a minute*). What is it?

HON. P. I have Fifty Thousand Dollars for you.

JIM. Fifty Thousand for me. Now, I know he's mad.

(*Starts business again, dancing all the while.*)

HON. P. Stop that tomfoolery and listen to me. (JIM *pauses*) How are you fixed for ready cash?

JIM (*aside*). He wants to make a touch. (*Aloud*) I'm broke, old chap.

HON. P. (*aside*). I thought so. I suppose I'll have to give him a few dollars. (*Puts his hand in pocket*) Here, let me have your pocket-book. (*Crosses to JIM*) Do you hear me, sir?

JIM. Sure, Mike. (*Moves his watch to other pocket.*)

HON. P. My name is not Mike. It's Peter.

JIM. All right, Pete.

HON. P. Now do I get your pocket-book?

JIM. If you do, you'll have to fight like the devil. (*Goes up L.*)

HON. P. Come, come, I can spare it. I myself am worth a hundred thousand dollars.

JIM. Say—come here! (*HON. P. goes up to him*) Were you ever in New York City?

HON. P. Of course I was.

JIM (*very confidential*). Don't tell any one, I own it.

[EXIT *comically* D. L.

HON. P. I believe that nephew of mine has lost his reason. (*Scream heard off R.*) BILL ENTERS *with shaving mug and brush in his hand.*)

HON. P. Great Guns. Tell me what is wrong. Were you about to take your life?

BILL. No, I was about to take a shave.

HON. P. Oh! Who are you, sir?

BILL. My name is Billie Buttons.

HON. P. Don't tell me that. I just spoke to Billie Buttons not three minutes ago.

BILL (*aside*). The old man's gone mad.

HON. P. (*aside*). They're all crazy. The house is full of them.

ENTER DORIS, D. L. *running*.

DORIS. Oh, Billie! What do you think? Tommy has laid another egg! [EXIT D. L. *quickly*.

BILL. Great!

HON. P. Tommy laid an egg? Look here. What kind of a house have you got here?

BILL. Why?

HON. P. Why? Why? Didn't you hear her say that Tommy laid an egg?

BILL. Well, that's only natural.

HON. P. Natural? Natural? Next you'll be telling me that you sit on them and hatch them.

BILL. Sir! I guess you forget. I'm not that kind of a hen.

HON. P. Oh! you are not? Again I ask who are you?

BILL. Again I say, Billie Buttons.

HON. P. Prove it.

BILL (*takes out letter and photo*). Here is your letter to me and here is a photo of my father and myself, taken when I was only six. Don't you think I was a handsome child?

HON. P. Yes, you had a face like a bunch of grapes.

BILL. Yes? Papa always said I looked like you.

HON. P. Sir!

BILL. I said Papa looked a great deal like you.

HON. P. Boy, in my time I was called Handsome Pete.

BILL. Did you?

HON. P. Did I what?

BILL. Did you have handsome feet?

HON. P. Boy, are you mad!

BILL. Not yet, but soon.

HON. P. Eh?

BILL. I'm a little nervous, that's all.

HON. P. About the money, eh?

BILL. Not exactly. You see, I'm expecting a friend from the West, who just killed ten men.

HON. P. And do you think that frightens me. Why, my boy, in the war of '61, I killed a hundred of 'em. I've stood in blood up to my knees. I drank it for breakfast, dinner and supper. Bah! Bad men don't frighten me.

BILL. I can see where we are going to have a pleasant time here.

HON. P. Now to business.

BILL. Yes, let's get busy.

HON. P. In the first place, this money your father left you, and is in my possession, can be obtained by you on conditions only. They are as follows: You must not drink, smoke, chew, swear, kiss a girl or get married for one year. Each offense will cost you five thousand dollars. In the meantime, I will stay here and see that you live up to these rules. That, young man, is your father's will.

BILL. That's a fine will. In the meantime, of course, I am allowed to breathe, am I not?

HON. P. I don't remember whether the will stated anything about breathing or not. But that will be all right. Go ahead.

BILL. Thanks. (*Takes out cigarette case and starts to smoke.*)

HON. P. Here! Cut that out. That's not allowed.

BILL. Oh! Bosh!

HON. P. (*takes out note-book*). First offence. Five thousand dollars.

BILL. Say, do you think I'm going to put up with this?
(*Goes up to sideboard and takes drink.*)

HON. P. If you take that drink, young man, it will cost you five thousand dollars.

BILL. Why don't you give me thirty cents and call it square?

HON. P. (*aside*). My try-out scheme is working. I'll find out what kind of stuff he's made of.

ENTER DORIS D. L.

DORIS. Oh, Billie! (*She does not observe HON. P. Throws her arms about BILLIE'S neck and kisses him.*)

HON. P. (*has his back turned. Turns quickly*). What's that? What's that?

BILL. What's what?

HON. P. That noise.

BILL. I guess somebody pulled the plug in the bath tub.

DORIS. Nothing of the kind. He kissed me just like this.
(*Kisses BILLIE again.*)

HON. P. (*business with note-book*). Another five thousand gone.

BILL. No, you don't understand. You see, she's the cook and she has just been making soup. That's the way I tell if the soup is good. First, she tastes it, then I taste it. Do you see?

HON. P. Well, is it good?

BILL. It's fine.

HON. P. (*crosses to DORIS*). I think I'll try a little.

DORIS (*aside*). Here's my chance to make Billy jealous.

HON. P. I always did like soup.

BILL. Hold on there, I'll stand for most anything, but I'll be hanged if you can eat my soup.

HON. P. Boy, I'm your uncle!

BILL. And she is my—

HON. P. Your what?

BILL (*sighs*). My cook.

HON. P. Cook, come here. (*Kisses DORIS*) Ah! That's fine. If it wasn't bad manners, I'd ask for a second portion.

(JIM off stage shoots guns and yells.)

BILL. The cyclone has come. Hurray for the fourth of July! (*Takes up shaving mug*) I'll see you later.

HON. P. Very well. (*Holds out his hand.*)

BILL (*takes it, at the same time hands him shaving brush*)

covered with lather. This is done quickly and without forethought.)

ENTER JIM D. L. *with a yell and a whoop. He is disguised as a Western bad man.*

JIM (*crosses to HON. P.*). Hello! Pard! (*Holds out his hand.*)

HON. P. (*shakes hands with him. At same time handing him the brush and lather.*)

DORIS. Why, Jim!

(JIM *takes her hands in his, at same time handing her brush and lather.*)

DORIS (*to JIM*). Now look what you've done. (*Holds up her hand.*)

JIM (*to HON. P. Same Bus.*). Now look what you've done.

HON. P. (*to BILL, same Bus.*). Now look what you've done.

BILL. Listen to me. If you don't do as I tell you, (*Grabs bag from under couch*) I'll drop this bag. In it there are ten pounds of dynamite.

ALL. What! (*They huddle up in their chairs. JIM drops gun.*)

BILL. I'm broke, desperate, mad, insane, do you hear? Answer me.

ALL (*meekly*). Yes.

BILL. Good. (*To DORIS*) You get me a drink.

DORIS (*meekly*). Yes, dear.

BILL (*to HON. P. and JIM*). Now you two fellows have been scrapping all night. I want you to kiss and make up.

HON. P. and JIM. But a——

BILL (*raises bag*). I said Kiss!

(HON. P. and JIM, *reluctantly kiss each other.*)

BILL. That's right. Now make love.

HON. P. and JIM. What!

BILL (*raises bag*). Come on. Get to it.

HON. P. (*to JIM*). I think you're an awful nice girl.

JIM. Now you stop.

HON. P. I wish to Heaven he would let us.

BILL. Now, you fellows, sing.

HON. P. I can't.

JIM. Neither can I.

BILL (*raises bag*). I said sing.

(HON. P. and JIM, in high strained voices and all out of key sing "I'm afraid to go home in the dark.")

BILL. That's fine. Now, gentlemen, it is five minutes to eight. At eight o'clock prepare to die.

(ALL three take out handkerchiefs and wipe hands.)

JIM. And how has my little girl been all this time?

DORIS. How do I look?

JIM. Great.

BILL. Mr. Clemens, will you have a cigar.

JIM. Don't mister me. I ain't no tenderfoot.

HON. P. (*aside to BILL*). Who said anything about him having tender feet? Did you?

(JIM fires gun. BILL and HON. P. fall into each other's arms.)

JIM. Don't you guys know enough not to whisper in company.

HON. P. Yes, Mister——

JIM. Just "Jim" will do. Out in Arizona they call me Terrible Tommy, the Terror of the Plains. Yep! Yow! I'm Terrible Tommy, that's who I am.

BILL (*to HON. P. aside*). Ask him if he is the fellow who laid the egg.

HON. P. Well, Tommy, how is the egg-laying business.

JIM (*puts gun in his face*). What?

DORIS. Jim, do stop quarreling and talk to me for a while. What a beautiful mustache you have.

HON. P. I must have a drink. (*Goes up to sideboard.*)

JIM. Now, gal, trot out that intended husband of yours. (*Flourishes two guns*) I'm going to talk with him.

BILL (*aside*). I guess this is my move. (*Starts up.*)

JIM. That's all right, Pard. Sit down.

BILL. Really, I don't care to.

JIM (*fires gun*). Sit down.

(HON. P. who was in act of rising at pistol shot, sputters and coughs. BILL and DORIS both pat him gently on the back.)

JIM. I'll attend to him. (*Pushes BILL and DORIS both*

out of the way and brings his hand down full force on HON. P.'s back.)

(HON. P. straightens up, spins around and falls into BILLIE'S arms.)

JIM. Is it up?

HON. P. *(meekly)*. I hope so.

JIM *(takes DORIS'S hand)*. Come, gal, which one of these ducks is your intended. What's this, a wedding ring. Ha! Ha! A light dawns upon me, you are married already and without my consent. Where is the greaser? Oh! show him to me. I'll fix him so that he'll make a sieve look ashamed of itself.

DORIS *(crosses to BILL)*. Oh, Billie!

JIM. Which one is it?

BILL *(aside to DORIS)*. Tell him it's the old man.

DORIS *(points to HON. P.)*. There he is.

JIM. So it's you, is it?

HON. P. Me? Certainly not.

JIM. Do you mean to call my sister a liar?

HON. P. *(meekly)*. No, Mr. Terrible Teddy, I don't.

JIM. Then you're her husband, ain't yer?

HON. P. If you say so I must be.

JIM. Then what do yer mean by marrying her without my consent, eh?

DORIS. Oh, Jim, spare him.

BILL. Yes, spare his spare ribs.

JIM. You shut up.

BILL. I'm shut.

JIM *(to HON. P.)*. Fer her sake I'm sparin' you. Now it's time all good people was asleep. So you take your wife and go to bed.

ALL. What!

JIM. Well, come on. Mosey, Mosey.

HON. P. You go, dear. I'll take a walk in the garden and have a smoke.

DORIS. Good-night, dear.

[EXIT D. L.]

HON. P. Good-night, pet.

[EXIT D. C.]

(JIM follows him up and looks after him. BILL, on tiptoes, starts to EXIT R.)

JIM. Come back.

BILL *(laughs foolishly)*. I was just seeing if you could hear me.

JIM. Well, I heard yer. Sit down there on that sofa.
(BILL *sits*) Have a smoke. (*Hands him cigar.*)

BILL (*looks about*). Really, I don't care for any.

JIM. What! Refuse to smoke with me. I'm Terrible Tommy, the Terror of the Plains. Yep! Yow!

BILL (*holds his ears*). That's all right. I take your word for it.

JIM. Then smoke.

BILL. You know I'm not allowed to do this.

JIM. Not allowed? What are you—a baby?

HON. P. (*puts his head in the D. C.*). If you smoke that it will cost you five thousand.

JIM (*holds match*). Smoke! (BILL *lights cigar.*)

HON. P. That makes fifteen thousand gone already.

JIM (*throws pillow*). Get out. [EXIT HON. P. D. C.]

JIM (*gets bottle and glasses from sideboard*). Now have a drink.

BILL. But honestly—

JIM (*Points gun*). Do you mean to refuse?

BILL. No, of course not. (*Drinks.*)

HON. P. (*at D. C.*). Twenty thousand.

JIM. Get out! *Bus. with pillow.*

BILL. If this keeps up I won't have enough left of that fortune to have a rubber-collar laundered.

JIM. Have another drink. (BILL *drinks.*)

ENTER HON. P. D. C. *with a silk cord attached to hat.*

HON. P. Twenty-five thousand.

JIM (*shoots. Off goes HON. P.'s hat.*)

[EXIT HON. P. *hastly D. C.*]

JIM. Now, Pard, you and me is going ter have a quiet game of poker.

BILL (*hands him money*). What's the use.— Take it, you'll get it anyway.

JIM. Well, this is awful kind of you. Me and you's goin' ter be friends. Do you savy?

BILL. Do I what?

JIM (*to be playful punches him in the chest*). I said do you savy?

BILL (*doubles up*). Yes, I'll take the same with a cherry in mine.

JIM. I think I'll go and see what that old duck's up to.
[EXIT C. D.]

BILL. Oh! What a lovely day I'm having. I must get out of this mess. Let me think, let me think. [EXIT D. R.]

ENTER DORIS, D. C.

DORIS. Billie! I wonder where he can be?

ENTER JIM, D. C.

JIM. Hello! Sis.

DORIS. Jim, what do mean by frightening Billie this way, and why are you wearing that awful disguise?

JIM. I'm trying him out.

DORIS. I'm going to tell him you are only fooling.

JIM. If you do, I will tell the whole town you are married to him. Then the old man will hear of it and he won't get a cent.

DORIS. How do you know this?

JIM. Never mind, I know.

DORIS. Oh! You're a brute.

JIM. Hark! Here comes the old man. Now you make love to him.

DORIS. I will not.

JIM. Ah! Go on. While we are trying Billie out, we may as well do it right. See if he is jealous, that's the way to find out if he really loves you. Here he is. [EXIT D. L.]

DORIS. I think I will take Jim's advice.

ENTER HON. P. D. C. *cautiously*.

DORIS. Hello!

HON. P. Ah! There you are. Come over here and sit down.

(DORIS *sits on couch*. HON. P. *reluctantly sits beside her*.)

HON. P. How would you like to be my cook for the balance of your life?

DORIS. Is this a proposal?

HON. P. (*places his arm about her*). No, this is what I call a——

ENTER BILL D. L., *he carries the little black bag*.

BILL. What, the devil?

HON. P. Run along, Willie, and sell your papers.

BILL. Damme——

HON. P. Thirty thousand gone.

BILL. You make me sick. (*Snatches cigar out of HON. P. mouth and smokes it himself.*)

HON. P. Thirty-five thousand.

BILL. Damn, Damn, Damn. There's fifteen thousand more. Now I'm broke. (*To DORIS, takes her by the hand and swings her down L.*) As for you, you sit down there and don't let me have a murmur out of you.

ENTER JIM D. C.

JIM. What's going on here?

BILL. As for you, I want you to drop that gun and sit down beside old whiskers there.

JIM. What!

HON. P. (*aside to JIM*). He's gone mad.

JIM. This is only a joke, I was playing on him.

HON. P. Same here.

BILL. Are you fellows saying your prayers?

HON. P. and JIM. Yes, sir.

BILL. I don't think I'll wait until eight o'clock. I'll start the fire works now. (*Raises bag.*)

ALL (*drop to their knees*). Oh! Please.

BILL. Get up. I'll spare your lives on one condition. First I want your consent to my marriage with your sister.

JIM. You can have it.

BILL. Swear it.

HON. P. I swear.

BILL. Next, I want the fortune my father left to me, and no questions asked.

HON. P. It's yours.

BILL. Swear it.

HON. P. I swear.

BILL. Hurray!—Doris—(*Takes DORIS in his arms*) Do you hear? I have your brother's consent and the fortune besides. Hurray! (*Swings bag in the air.*)

HON. P. Great Scott! Be careful of that dynamite.

BILL. That's not dynamite.

JIM. Then, what is it?

BILL. Lemons. (*Turns up bag and out falls a dozen lemons.*)

Picture.

CURTAIN.

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